

The Register



Football Number

NOVEMBER

VOL. XLIII

NO. 2

Advertisements

HUNTINGTON SUMMER SCHOOL

Preparation for colleges and technical schools. A full unit of work is covered in each course offered.

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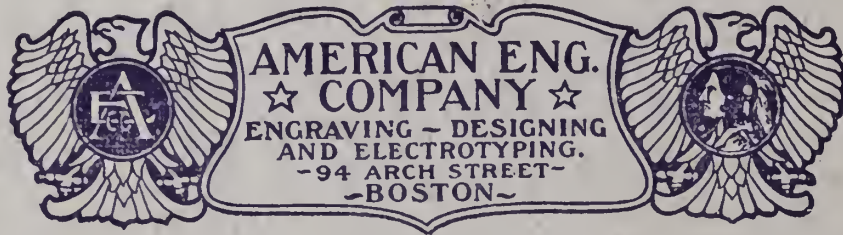
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HUNTINGTON SCHOOL

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1300 Boys from 9 years of age to 19 to root for the football team. Championship for pay. Report at any Latin School game.

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Finder will please treat it gently when found, as it is very fragile and tender.

Return to Boston Latin School, Louis Pasteur Avenue, and receive large reward that has been offered for its recovery.

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Advertisements

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Graduates of the Boston Latin High School who have included algebra to quadratics and plane geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

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The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. Applications for admission to the school in September, 1924, should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

CATALOG

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

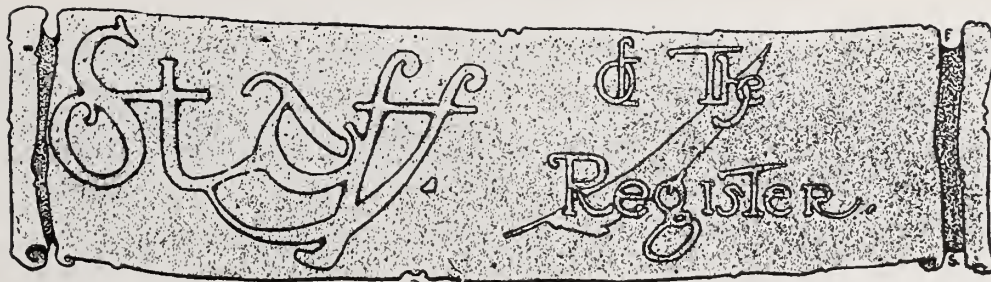
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Too Small

(Eligible for "Register" Prize.)

By KLARFELD

It was fall. Everything was bustling with excitement in the little village of Chester. The old academy began to take a new lease of life with its throngs of happy boys. Their conversation centered on one thing,—football. They all had seen the notice on the bulletin board of the football meeting to be held that night. All hailed it with eager delight. Still stinging from the defeat handed them by their old rival, Corbin High, the previous year, they determined to take revenge this fall.

At eight o'clock that night Burton Hall was jammed with enthusiastic students. Bill Thompson, the coach, called the meeting to order and after the excitement had died down a little, commenced to outline his plans. He announced that practice would begin the following Thursday. The coach then called on Ed Randall, the football captain, to say a few words. When Ed mounted the platform it was the signal for wild cheers. They all remembered the gameness of their captain last season. Though suffering from a sprained knee he had refused to leave the football field during the tilt with Corbin High. He fainted and had to be carried off on a stretcher. This season he was as fit as a fiddle and was eager to crown his last

year in Chester Academy with a victory over their old rival. With a sweep of his hands he silenced the tumultuous roars. He urged every boy to attend practice and talked about the prospects of the team. He said that things looked brighter that year than ever. Ed concluded his talk by remarking that he had a surprise in store for the boys who reported for practice. The meeting then broke up amidst shouts and cheers.

Tom Benton was very thoughtful as he walked home that night. He had been to the meeting and was inspired with the desire to make the team. Tom was rather a frail lad weighing only about one hundred and thirty pounds. Nevertheless he had a fighting spirit and was bound not to let his build stand in his way this year. Tom played sub end the year before but had never had a chance to make good. It was always the same old words "too small". Tom clenched his fists as he muttered to himself, "I'll show them."

As it was very late Tom decided to take a short cut home through the lane. While walking through he fancied that he heard something behind a clump of bushes. He jumped. Crouching upon his hands and knees he crept away from the place. He quickly stopped, however, when he heard a sound of some people talking in low tones. Peering through the bushes he saw two shabbily dressed men conversing in low tones. By the drift of their conversation and by their attitude he judged that they must be planning some deed of robbery or violence. Tom noticed a short gun lying on the ground near one of the men. He heard these words:

"He ought to be around in about an hour, eh, Jim?"

"Consarn 'im, I hope he don't take the other road this time, Mike," said the other tramp with a menacing look.

Tom, by listening attentively to their conversation, soon got the drift of it. These men were evidently planning to rob some "hick" insurance agent who was to pass there that night. Tom was wide awake now. He made up his mind to get away and take a position down the road where he might warn the intended victim of the plot. Lying flat on his stomach he slowly moved away. A twig rustled but the tramps did not bother to investigate. Having put a safe distance between himself and the men, Tom got on his feet and ran down the road towards the town. Sure enough, in about twenty minutes he heard an automobile coming down the road. Tom let out a whistle and attracted the driver's attention. The driver seeing Tom stopped the machine. Tom ran over to him and after a few moments of breathless excitement managed to tell him what he had overheard. The driver squeezed his hands and thanked him again and again for the information. He told Tom to jump in and they rode back by another road. It developed that he was a college graduate and had just got a job that very day with the insurance company. He said he carried a large sum of money with him and was to deposit it in the bank the next day. He remembered two suspicious looking men eyeing him at the square but had not paid any attention to it. The insurance agent's name was Philip Header. He asked Tom what he was doing out so late. Tom told him about the football meeting. Whereupon Mr. Header took a new view of everything. He told Tom he was engaged to help coach the team. Tom was dumbfounded. Here he was doing a great favor to a football coach. Whee! what luck! Mr. Header let the happy boy off near his home and before bidding him good-night promised that he would do everything in his power to help Tom make the team.

It was a happy boy that went to bed that night bubbling with joy over his new good fortune.

Thursday was a busy day for the football candidates of Chester Academy. Fully half a hundred answered the call. Among these were about seven veterans of last year's team. As they left the locker house preparatory to taking the field they saw a stranger garbed in football togs talking to their captain. They had never seen the man before. Coach Thompson drew the boys about him and said, "Boys, you remember the night of the football meeting Ed said he had a surprise for you. Well, let me introduce Mr. Philip Header, former All-America end, who is to be assistant coach."

The players were spellbound. The great Phil Header; the best end ever developed at Princeton, the man whose prowess on the gridiron had been described in the columns of every paper in the land! One boy apart from the rest was wreathed in smiles. The fellows cheered Phil to the echo. When the din had subsided the new assistant recognized someone in the crowd. Hastily going over he seized Tom Benton by the hand and to the astonishment of the rest of the fellows spoke to him in most familiar terms. Seeing the look of surprise on the boys Phil told them the incident of a few nights ago. The boys gathered around Tom as though he were a hero. Who of them didn't envy him?

Bill Thompson and Phil Header worked marvels with the gridiron warriors of Chester Academy. They had the boys out on the field every night until after dark. Tom Benton had developed wonderfully and was now a first-string man. The team possessed several good trick plays which had been devised by Phil Header. Their enthusiasm was worked to a high pitch. Ed Randall, the quarter-back, was a real leader and was a punter of no mean ability. The other backs, Morse, Spaulding, and Everetts were good ball carriers. Tommy more than held his own against the other ends.

One afternoon after practice Mr. Header summoned Tom to his room. Tom arrived about half-past eight and remained till ten. The coach was giving him additional points on playing end. Tom was a boy of ability and profited much by this instruction. As the game with Corbin High drew near he felt so confident of his ability that his teammates began to "kid him along" on his new "imagination". Tom would only smile at this repartee. He had not told anyone of the individual instruction he had received. During the week preceding the annual contest with their rivals the coaches worked the team with such vim and precision that it now resembled a huge working machine. News of the fine team Corbin had had reached their ears. They had heard that Corbin boasted she would roll up a mountainous score on them.

The eve before the memorable day was the scene of a monster mass meeting in the school auditorium. Graduates and sweethearts were there. School songs were sung by the boys. Enthusiasm ran wild. Tom sat in a corner with his sweetheart, Dorothy Perkins. He remembered how disappointed Dorothy was last season because he had not played in the game. This year it would be quite different. The players were individually cheered and when Tom's name was mentioned one could hear among others a shrill female voice. Tom was buoyant in spirits as he escorted Dorothy home. He made many promises. Dorothy blushed at his rash statements. Nevertheless Tom made her answer, yes, to many remarks.

Saturday! The day of days! The whole town of Chester turned from its usual occupation to witness the annual contest between the two rivals. The trains from Corbin kept arriving with throngs of rooters. They could see nothing but an overwhelming victory by their team. The much touted eleven arrived a little after twelve and went directly to Chester Park to indulge in a final preparatory practice. They made a great impression on the spectators. They possessed a very heavy line and clearly outweighed Chester. Paul Leavitt, the captain, ran his team in a masterly fashion. Every man on the eleven had proved his ability in previous encounters. When the team left the field the stands were almost filled. Chester rooters, their fathers, mothers, sweethearts were rapidly assembling. The fair admirers formed a cheering section. What cheers! Surely a team couldn't lose with such backing.

At two o'clock Chester took the field amidst great applause and cheers. Quickly lining them up Captain Randall went through a few signal drills. They then went over to get their final instruction from coaches, Thompson and Header. They were cautioned against using all their strength in the first half and were told to save it for the end.

Captains Leavitt and Randall tossed for goals. Randall won and chose to defend the north goal. The referee blew the whistle and the game was on. Corbin kicked and Spaulding catching the ball on his twenty-yard line ran it back to his thirty-five yard line. "Signals 24-6-87-9," barked Ed Randall. The ball was passed to Everetts, who gained a yard off tackle. Another stave-off tackle netted another yard. It was evident that their line could not penetrate the solid defence put up by Corbin. Randall then called for a punt and sent a beautiful spiral to Corbin's thirty-eight-yard line. A Corbin back ran the ball back ten yards. The first signal called for a trick pass netting them seven yards. A line plunge gained two more. An end run got them first down in mid-field. The Corbin stands went wild. A gloom descended upon the Chester rooters. They thought their idols could never stand up under such onslaught. The Corbin quarter-back took the ball around right end but could only gain one yard being downed by Spaulding. A forward pass was incomplete. Then Corbin punted to Chester's twenty-yard line. Captain Ed tucked the oval under his arm and zigzagged yard after yard down the field. A Corbin end was fast overtaking him. Only twenty yards to the goal. Could he make it. A body hurled itself at the fleeting runner throwing him in his tracks. A fumble. A mad scramble. Whose ball? A figure emerged from the pile with the pigskin and fled towards the goal, so unexpectedly, so suddenly, that the Corbin players did not have time to stop him. The stands set up a great cheer as they saw the diminutive Tommy Benton place the ball behind the goal for a touchdown. No one was more surprised than Tommy. It was so unexpected that he couldn't yet realize what he had done. The touchdown put confidence in the hearts of the Chester men. The first half ended with the score six to nothing.

The second half was mostly a punting duel in which Chester, in the person of Captain Ed, greatly outdistanced its rival. Each team was waiting for a break. This came at the end of the third quarter. Chester had the ball. The quarter-back called for a forward pass. Ed threw a high one towards Tommy who could not reach it. Instead it flew straight into the arms of the Corbin left half back, Pearson. Pearson skirted out of Tommy's reach and headed down the field. Only one man was between him and a tie score. Big Jake Morse was not going to let

(Continued on page 32)



Football at Latin School

By Mr. O'Brien, former Latin School Coach

When the Latin School team plays football three elements are necessary for success, namely: a first team, a second team, and an encouraging student body.

The first team of the school is at its best when its members—every one of them—are feeling that they are giving something for the school. Fighting for a cause, forgetful of one's self, calls forth a fellow's best effort. This does not necessarily produce victory, but it cannot fail to make every player a better man. Latin School teams have established a proud tradition. They come back with their shields on them.

The second team, or substitutes, are the unsung heroes. They are the fellows who make a good first team possible. It is not too difficult during games to strive for the school while the spectators cheer, and the younger boys gaze in admiration. It is the going out day after day to practice, and sitting on the bench during games, that makes the test of one's loyalty to the school. A team is as good as the subs force it to be. We admire the first team, but we get to love that good old second team.

The student body is an extremely important element. Its duty is to do the difficult thing—give rousing support when the team falters. It is impossible to remain quiet when an end catches a forward pass and dashes down the field for a touchdown; but how about the quarterback when he muffs a punt and an English High end picks up the ball? How does the poor quarterback feel? How does the cheering section feel? I know. I have heard that groan and felt the silence. Again how does that quarterback of ours feel? What does he need? He needs a slap on the back from his fellows on the field, and an encouraging word from his captain. He and his team need also a slap on the back from the boys in the bleachers. It is hard to cheer at such a moment, but the real Latin School boy is going to do his part in a ringing cheer for Brown or Jones, who dropped the kick, or fumbled the ball. That cheer tells him that you are still behind him and believe in him.

Your school has an excellent football coach who is a Latin School boy; it has a headmaster who is often referred to as the "Father of School Athletics in Boston"—a scholar with a keen appreciation of the value of athletics; it has the finest body of boys that I ever hope to know from which to select its first and second teams and supporters.

Such a combination working harmoniously cannot be beaten on Thanksgiving Day or any other day.

A Word to the Students

By Coach Fitzgerald

When Johnny comes marching home with an eye or two bearing all the beauty of an Italian sunset; or when Johnny's teammate tries to march without limping with a swollen ankle or an aquatic knee, the mothers of Johnny and his mate are very apt to exclaim in maternal anguish against that dreadful game of football and what it does to Johnny. We sympathize with the mothers in question, for we are all old enough to realize the actual pain which a mother feels when her offspring is in pain, a truth which we may have been prone to doubt in the days of our extreme youth, when the pain was administered through the co-operative efforts of father and a shingle.

Our sympathy for Johnny is tempered by a sense of admiration for the fortitude, and even pride sometimes, with which the injured hero bears his affliction. Our chief care is to see that his contempt for slight injuries does not develop into foolhardiness in neglecting major hurts.

We are glad that we are not so affected as is Johnny's mother by his injuries. For Johnny is not an isolated case in our experience and we are able to see much more besides injuries that the game of football gives to Johnny; much that mother love is unable to see at the time.

The least of the benefits is a physical one. Time after time we see a spindly-legged narrow-chested youth appear in a football uniform several sizes too large for him, and after a season of two of violent contact with boys his own size and larger, develop into a well-proportioned, muscular youth, the envy of less valiant youths and the boon companion of the real boys of his school and neighborhood.

But much more important than the physical benefits are the spirit of self-sacrifice and of co-operation that the team work demands the bond of sympathy for his fellows that close association with them engenders; the spirit of fair play; the habits of clean living and healthful recreation and the practice of taking immediate advantage of all opportunities.

It is an axiom of football that, other things being equal, the team which makes the fewest mistakes wins. This same principle learned under fire by the boy on the gridiron will prove invaluable to the man in after life and its constant struggles.

All points of view considered, we are usually tickled to death with what football does to Johnny. for our aim is the production, not of a football player, but of a man.

* * * * *

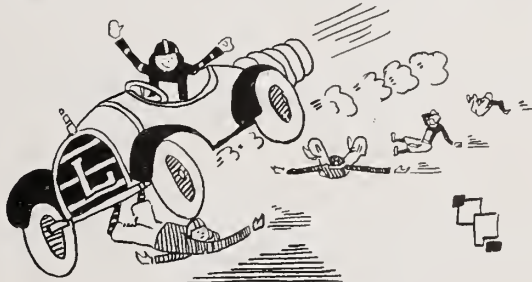
LEST YE FORGET

The *Register* prize story contest.

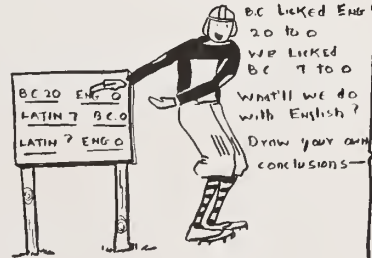
The *Register* prize cartoon contest.

The *Register* is always open to contributions from the pupils and all matter of merit will be printed. We thank our past contributors and hope for many more in the future.

So far, only one cartoon has been handed in. It was drawn by a fellow in one of the lower classes. It is very good and we hope to publish it next month. Draw your cartoon *now*! There's no time like the present!



Now that he's started
Jes' try and stop him!!!



BC Licked Eng
20 to 0
We Licked
BC 7 to 0
What'll we do
with English?
Draw your own
conclusions—



"OH, NO! I DON'T
intend to play today!
I wouldn't soil my
new outfit for the
world!"



The lure of the fair sex
to the field of battle—



Capt "Buddy" Brown
Expect Great Things!

Good football may be
seen any morning on the
lawn outside the door near the
office when those big boys from
the sixth class do their
stuff

It is First Practice



NEWS FROM THE
BATTLEFIELD

Battered at the
Front!!



Old 'em Harvard!!!

-C L. SOLOMONT-

Exchange Column

By A. H. Canner

The *Willamette Collegian*, Salem, Ore.:—As a newspaper your paper is very good, but as a school paper there seems to be something lacking. We believe that you can add this something by inserting some fiction and a few more jokes. Do you not agree with us?

* * * * *

The *Orient*, Newark, N. J.:—A remarkably fine paper. Your frontispiece, the photograph of your school, is an excellent one, and the poem beneath it is good.

* * * * *

Pasadena Chronicle, Pasadena, Cal.:—We are pleased to say that, up to this time, yours is the best exchange we have received. Your editorials are excellent. They contain very good advice. Your cartoons are many and good. Your joke column is a fine collection. Altogether, you have a very fine paper.

* * * * *

The *Bowdoin Quill*, Brunswick, Me.:—To you, O *Bowdoin Quill*, we award the title of the neatest and handiest little pamphlet we have received so far this year. Your poems are very good. Your story is well written, but as yet, after much thought, we are not able to see any plot to the story. "Society". If we are wrong we would be greatly pleased to be corrected.

* * * * *

The *Bowdoin Orient*, Brunswick, Me.:—The *Orient* is, indeed, a newsy little paper. It is well written and well arranged.

* * * * *

The *Mercury*, Worcester, Mass.:—A newsy paper and well written, but don't you think a story or two would add to its interest?

* * * * *

The *Lawrence High School Bulletin*, Lawrence, Mass.:—Let us commend you on the excellence of your graduation addresses, especially the Valedictory. We must also remark upon the efficiency of your business manager. You have a fine display of advertisements contained within a good magazine.

* * * * *

The *U-V-I*, Oakland, Cal.:—We see so much "intrinsic value" in your "little poem" that we hope you will allow us to print it for the benefit of our "Junior high kids". We do not know what effect it will have on them, but shall wait with hopeful expectancy. Well—

"On the staircase stamping, tramping
Bounding, sounding, crashing, smashing
Jumping, bumping, dancing, dashing.
Jarring, stubbing heel and toe.
See our little Junior high kids romping madly to and fro.
Through the hallways madly cramming—
Zounds and gadzooks,—why this jamming?
Heavens and earth—the last bell tapping
Now it dies in silence."

Indeed we agree with you that as a poem "it is greatly in need of repair". Though we are a few thousands of miles distant it seems that the "Junior high kids"

of Boston are very similar to those of Salem, Ore. So here's hoping they both change for the better.

* * * * *

The Broadcast, Jamaica Plain, Mass.:—A most interesting little paper. It is very well written, well arranged and has a good appearance.

* * * * *

The Newtonite, Newton, Mass.:—A fine paper. We are pleased to note that one of your new masters is an alumnus of this school.

* * * * *

EXCHANGE JOKES

From Pasadena Chronicle:

Tom: "What pay did you say you got in the army?"

Sam: "Thirty dollars a day, once a month."

* * * * *

DOUBLING UP

Teacher: "Willie, what is the plural of man?"

Willie: "Men".

Teacher: "And the plural of child?"

Willie: "Twins."

* * * * *

"I'm a little stiff from bowling."

"Where did you say you were from?"

* * * * *

Fashion Hint: There will be a little change in men's pockets.

Funny! isn't it?

* * * * *

From Newtonite, Newton, Mass.:

"Why is our language called the mother tongue?"

"Because the women never give the men a chance to use it."

* * * * *

From Willamette Collegian, Salem, Ore.:

"I see the love light in your face,"

He said as in a dream.

The Co-ed seized her Vanity case

And cried, "Darn that cold-cream."

* * * * *

A MULE'S EPITAPH

An army mule at one of the cantonments "went west". The private who had charge of the last rites had to fill out the regulation form, and came across the suggestion, "disposition of carcass."

After a moment's thought Sammy wrote on the blank line: "Mean and deceitful."

* * * * *

Perhaps these jokes are old

And should be on the shelf,

But if you do not like them,

Just hand in a few yourself.

The Spirit of the Times

Americans! Zev, the Yankee horse, won by four lengths. This time the New Yorkers gave the press the laugh as the pre-race fiction about Zev's poor condition did not get many bets of the 10 to 1 kind for the sharpers. Too bad they didn't start the newspaper campaign earlier. Then they might have gotten some hold on the public mind and some 15 to 1 bets on Papyrus. But Papyrus deserves credit for presuming to have the nerve to match himself against a Kentucky blue-grass horse. If Papyrus had steam instead of blood, and pistons instead of veins, he *might* have had a chance.

Speaking of the new styles in young men's suits, the so-called collegiate with Norfolks and close lapels seems to be the same thing our ancestors wore back in the year 1900 or so.

You may have noticed a cartoon contest billed for this annum. Judging by the programs picked up at the first public Declamation, the school in almost its entirety, one hundred per cent., should compete for this reward. The joke column could also be reinforced by a few recruits, judging by the wise cracks on the same. Bud Fisher and the other star cartoonists have nothing on our aspiring blackboard artists.

The "Cat and the Canary" is now in town. It's said to be better than the "Bat". But if you want real excitement that way just take your cat at home and stick it inside the cage of somebody's canary. You won't need to be thrilled by any play after viewing the battle royal.

The Yankees will now proceed to buy silver bats and golden balls and gloves lined with silk. Mr. Huggins will probably have a new solid gold adding machine in order to compute the net gain on his last deal. Mr. Ruth has been awarded a silver cup for being the most valuable player in baseball this year. But, judging by the outcome of the series, it will not be in the least incompatible with his resources to buy the rest of a dinner set of the same size, weight, and metal, and not be pecuniarily inconvenienced at all. If the World Series was played two or three times a year Wall Street would go broke. It's bad enough as it is. Mr. McGraw deserves credit for the way he handled his team this year, but he got something better, viz: CASH. Half a loaf is better than none, says John, and we unanimously agree that a million should be looked at in the same way.

If the football games and the boat race follow the bent of the World Series and the horse races, pretty soon the Government will be putting a tax on throwing a baseball.

The cheer rally the day before the game with Boston College High was certainly an exhibition of the rare talent that lies in Latin School. Think what we could do if we enunciated that way at home room Declamation and at timid Latin recitations.

We hope to have Mr. O'Brien back for the rally before that Thanksgiving Day game and cede him an ovation. The motto this year for football will be "I Love Me", in other words, "E Uni Unum—Steponhisneck." They are regarding the use of so much defense clothing in football as a hindrance to rapid move-

(Continued on Page 32)

RADIO PROGRAM—BROADCASTED FROM STATION I-O-U, VA.

11 A. M.—Closing stock market reports of the day. Latest news items under the supervision of the *Boston Bean*.

12:00—M. O. P. announces that the next song will be a dance. All join in the chorus.

12:15 P. M.—Silent hour while pupils of the B. L. S. eat their lunch. Details of the affair will be in the next number.

12:45. 1:00 P. M.—Short 3 minute talk by Professor Wise on the catching of smallpox. He finds it a most amusing pastime. The identical speech is also printed in booklet form. It is only 289 pages of interesting matter and all are advised to purchase it.

1:00 P. M.. 6:00 P. M.—A silent hour.

6:00 P. M.. 7:00 P. M.—Dance music by the King's Chapel Syncopaters.

7:00 P. M.. 8:00 P. M.—Special feature for the benefit of those poor beings doing their homework at that time or abouts. The funeral marches of all the well-known composers will be played by the Teachers' Syndicate Band.

8:00 P. M.. 11:00 P. M.—Silent night. Thank heavens!

11:00 P. M.—Sign off. Two bells and one whistle.

* * * * *

A SCENE FROM A HILL

As I stood on the top of Motley's Hill last winter, I happened to be looking over towards Hemlock Hill. It was covered with white, fleecy snow, that, whenever the wind blew, would dance all around. The fir trees laden down with snow made an admirable picture for the artist. A dejected looking crow was sitting on a branch of a scrawny fir tree. The brook which flowed through the park was covered with a thin crust of ice, and the leafless stalks of the bushes were also coated with a mixture of ice and snow. It was a very solitary place, for nothing was stirring. But Nature offset this desolation by leaving a few bright, red berries scattered here and there on the brown bushes. The green of the fir trees stood out with particular distinctness against the white snow, and I thought how a few wild ducks honking by the bank of the brook would add to the scene.

—Kramer

* * * * *

Room reporters, not listed in the October issue:

Room

202	Brinton Watson
112	John Lawlor
114	Walter Harrington
115	William Eaton
116	William E. Rice
117	Charles Daum
118	Herbert O. Bailey



School Notes



We wish to thank those alumni who have contributed to this issue, helping the Staff to make a successful "Football Number".

* * * * *

On Monday, September 24, there was held the first official assembly of classes in the exhibition hall. Mr. Campbell spoke on the subject of transportation to and from school and of avoiding tardiness. He asked us to co-operate with the "Elevated" by using their school cars which are, as shown by the name, especially for our use.

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At the Monday morning assembly of classes I, II, and III on October 8, Mr. Campbell spoke concerning the fire drills. He also stated that the diversions of movies and radio, except on Friday or Saturday, will surely lead to downfall in studies.

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At the first Public Declamation for the school year 1923-1924 held in the Exhibition Hall, on Friday, October 19, classes I, II, and III were present. The speakers from the lower classes all spoke creditably, considering that it is the first one of the year. The boys from the two upper classes did excellent declaiming.

On the same day at noon a cheer rally was held in the drill hall in anticipation of the game with Boston College High School that afternoon.

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At the Monday morning assembly on October 22, after the customary Bible reading, G. Faxon entertained us with finely played selections on the piano. Mr. Campbell then spoke. He complimented the football team on its very good work in the B. C. H. game the Friday before. He then made a comparison of quitting on the football field and in class work, showing that quitting in class work is all the more to be ashamed of since class work is our duty and we come to school primarily and supposedly *solely* for it.

One of the masters, when speaking to a class about habits, remarked that if we cultivated the habit of using a certain time each evening for lessons we would soon find ourselves ill at ease during that period unless studying. It might be well worth our while to try it!

Lieutenant Governor William Stoughton of Massachusetts, who died in 1700 left to Harvard a tract of pastureland near Codman Square, in Dorchester. During the past 220 years the Stoughton pasture has from time to time brought in rents which were applied to scholarships, but the income has been irregular and often entirely lacking. Now, however, the recent sale of part of the land to the City of Boston has increased the Stoughton Fund and made it possible for the corporation to establish "one or more" regular annual scholarships, in the award of which *Dorchester* men will be given preference as stipulated in the will made more than two centuries ago.

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To those who have not subscribed to the *Register*, but instead borrow someone else's, we would say that it is not yet too late to subscribe. We will be only too glad to supply copies of this and the October number to any late subscribers.

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The Glee Club held its first meeting in the hall on September 27 and has met regularly on Thursdays since. The singing is progressing finely. From the indications we may yet have some opera stars from Latin School.

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The Chess Club meets this year as last, in the library of the school, on Friday afternoons. A tournament is being held, the summary of which will be published in an early number. The results of the tournament will determine the team which will represent Latin School in matches with other school teams.

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Rifle practice is being regularly held at the Bay State School of Musketry on Thursdays. If one has aspirations of being on the rifle team this is about the only way to begin.

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We are unable to make a statement about many of the clubs, including the musical organizations, for this very good reason which we hope *all* the clubs will heed. It is almost impossible for one boy to keep track of all the meetings and affairs of the various Latin School clubs. For this reason it would be a great favor to the *Editor of School Notes* if each club would appoint a member to give news about the club to the *Register* each month. If sufficient material is turned in we will have a page exclusively for the school's non-letter activities (the clubs).

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Contributions to the *Register* must be handed to Solomont of Room 301 on or before the Wednesday before the last Monday of the month for publication in the next issue.

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ALUMNI

Brigadier-General Lloyd M. Brett, a B. L. S. graduate, is now Commander-in-chief of the *Veterans of Foreign Wars*. After leaving Latin School he went to West Point and continued in a military career until his retirement a few years ago.

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Murray F. Hall, formerly with Dunbar, Nutter, and McClellenn, is now practising law for himself in the Sears Building, Boston.

(Continued on page 32)

1923—BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL CHEER SHEET—1923

The Latin School cheer sheet is given below in order that those who do not know the cheers and have lost their sheet may learn them.

I	II	III
Touchdown, touchdown	Nobody there	Fly right at 'em
Touchdown again	Nobody there	Fly right at 'em
Boston L-A-T-I-N	English High School	Soak 'em, soak 'em
Razzle dazzle	Is up in the air.	Boston Latin.
Sis—Boom—Bah	(Repeat)	(Repeat)
Boston Latin		
Rah, Rah, Rah.		
IV	V	VI
B-L-S. Rah, Rah,	(Brine)	Sh—(very soft)
B-L-S. Rah, Rah,	Rah-Rah-Rah	O (a little louder)
Hoo-Rah, Hoo-Rah	(Brine)	Ah (louder still)
Latin, Latin		Yea (very loud)
Rah, Rah, Rah.		LATIN (loudest of all)
(Team, Team, Team)		
VII		VIII
Skin 'em and eat 'em raw		Alpha Beta Gamma
Skin 'em and eat 'em raw		Hammer, Latin, hammer
(Long whistle)		Through the tackle
Hot Dog.		Round the ends
		Hammer, Latin, hammer.

IX
Take it aw-a-y from 'em
Take it aw-a-y from 'em
Take it aw-a-y from 'em
LATIN.

SONGS

I	II
On the field of many colors	(Tune—John Brown's Body)
Latin's banners rise	(English High) is wavering
Cheer on cheer, like volleyed thunder	She has no show at all
Echoes to the skies.	English High is wavering
See the Latin team is rushing	Her pride's about to fall
Gaining more and more	Latin is the winner
Then FIGHT-FIGHT-FIGHT	For her team's the best of all
For we win by might	O poor old (English High)
Dear Latin evermore.	Glory, glory to the purple
	Glory, glory to the purple
	Glory, glory to the purple
	For this is Latin's Day.
III	IV
(Tune—The Love Nest)	
Just a football, oval and brown;	With the purple in triumph
Just a team that never stays down;	flashing
Just a backfield, brawny, brainy, trained	Mid the strains of victory
down fine,	
And a mighty bulwark of strength	

That's our line.
 Then for a touchdown,
 Nother one too,
 Then a third one
 Latin School's due.
 With a team that's full of fight
 to show 'em how,
 Boston Latin will be Champions now.

Old English's hopes we are dashing
 Into blue obscurity
 Resistless our team sweeps
 goalward
 With the fury of the blast
 We'll fight for dear old Latin
 Till the last white line is passed.
 LATIN-LATIN-LATIN-LATIN-
 LATIN.

* * * * *

We ought to know by this time that:—

It's quite a difficulty to mount the stairs outside of Mr. Corson's room during school hours.

Register jokes are the best yet.

7 marks equal one censure (lest ye forget).

The jam sandwiches in our lunchroom were made to break our jaws on.

The peanut butter sandwiches were supposed to sharpen our teeth so that we may return to the grind with better weapons.

Horse-sense is forbidden.

Laws are oft-times violated.

The orchestra was formed to entertain us, not to torture us.

Things are not what they used to was.

To the sixth class man, a Senior is a god.

To the Senior, a sixth class man is nothing much.

Plums are the fruit most liked by our masters.

* * * * *

GETTING OUT A PAPER

Getting out this paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.

If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write.

If we stay on the job, we ought to be out hustling for news.

If we are hustling for news, we are not attending to business in our own department.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

As likely as not some fellow will say we swiped this from another paper.

So we did.

* * * * *

Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday, and all is well.

THE CLASS ELECTION

"Veni, vidi, vici." At least, that's what Camber of 304 and the other class officers can say since their success in the class election, held October 11. Indeed, they must be truly congratulated since they were the choice of their class and were thus given the greatest honor that was within the gift of their fellow pupils.

According to custom, the candidates had to be nominated by five of their "boosters" before their names appeared on the ballot. A president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, and four committeemen were to be selected by the class to act as their leaders and to lead them through the school with a trail of a good reputation behind them. Here were the conditions of the momentous election.

The eventful day arrived (as might be supposed). The ballots were handed out in each room for the usual X after the people's choice. Only three candidates appeared for president. Evidently, the United States of America will have only three presidents from Boston in the future. They are Camber, Hammer, and Nolan. For vice-president more were on hand. Rivalry was keen. Neck to neck each aspirant was eager to come out ahead of his opponent and to emerge a victor in the battle. On reading the ballot, I found under this heading Driscoll, Higgins, McDermott, Rotman, and Tall. 'Nuff sed.

As to the office of secretary-treasurer, H. Cohen, Cooper, R. E. Garrity, Lyons, Morrison, Simberg, and M. N. Spelfogel were named. However, as I caught sight of the class committee candidates, I stood amazed. Alas, I almost looked in vain to find a member of the class who was not running. Here, at last, was real school spirit! Anthony, Black, Conner, Cataldo, Collins, Curley, Dwyer, Egan, Ellison, Fay, Fusonie, Goldman, Herman, Holland, Keefe, Killion, Markwett, Muchnick, Nesson, Harris, Torrens, Goode, Murphy, Peatfield, Petkun, Rigby, Rudd, Stavros, Stenberg, Sullivan, and last but not least, Mr. Blank, who succeeded in obtaining seven votes, completed the list.

The class of 1924, the next class to graduate, now had voted. The result was anticipated with eager interest both by the candidates and the other members of the class (who were very few). It might be mentioned that the *Register* was duly represented by Canner, Curley, Keefe, and Rigby, all of whom were candidates for class committee.

On Monday, October 15, the outcome, under the able supervision of Mr. Jones, was known. Camber turned out to be the victor in the run for president with a grand total of 56 votes. For vice-president and secretary-treasurer, McDermott and Lyons were the successful candidates with totals of 46 and 37 votes respectively. Out of the long list of class committee candidates, Anthony, Fusonie, Goode, and Sullivan were elected. Anthony had a total of 33 votes, Fusonie, 56 votes; Goode, 28 votes; and Sullivan, 34 votes. Markwett was the runner-up with 27 votes.

Thus, the class of 1924 now has its officers. Congratulations are once more given to those fellows, and we wish them complete success in all their work throughout the year.

—C. L. S.

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A SUPERFLUITY OF THAT'S

Heard in English Class:

"Name the part of speech that each that is in this sentence, 'He said that that that that that sentence contains is a relative pronoun'."

Saturday

J. P. K.

Remember in the morning,
When you jumped up out of bed;
You raced to get your clothes on,
And your feet, they felt like lead?

You hurried down to breakfast
And you swallowed down your food;
And your mother spoke of "Manners,"
And your sister said, "You're rude."

You don't linger 'round the table.
'Course not, you'd be a fool,
For to-day, why to-day is Saturday,
And of course there isn't school.

You grabbed your hat and disappeared
While Ma had left the room,
You'd go for all the morning,
But you'd be back at noon.

(A boy may like his games and sports,
But no matter how he feels,
There's one thing common to us all;
A boy won't miss his meals.)

Then with some excuse or other,
You go out that afternoon:
You'd go hunting with the fellows
And get a 'rat or 'coon.

Then home you'd come for supper,
Then hang around and read
About some vil'nous Indian,
Or an Arab and his steed.

Then the old clock on the stair-case
In mournful tones it said,
With nine uncalled-for strikings,
"It's time to go to bed."

You went up stairs and undressed,
And in your bed you lay
And softly to sleep you'd quickly go
"At the end of a perfect day."

Jack Halpern, Orphan

It was Sunday morning, and the little church was crowded with the simple folk of Hillsborough. Not that it was usually empty on Sundays, but there was an unusual attraction to-day. The elderly pastor announced from the lofty pulpit, that a number of orphans had been sent to him from an overcrowded charitable home in New York, and he had been asked to make an appeal to his parish. If anyone would take one of these children into his home for the winter, he "would find himself amply blessed by God."

There was a general buzzing throughout the congregation. New York? That great metropolis had always been spoken of with a feeling of awe, and to *see* a person, even a child, who had lived there, was enough to arouse the most sedate old spinsters.

After the services, the women of the congregation crowded to the sanctuary to see these "poor unfortunates". There were eight of them, all boys, from four to twelve years of age. They all wore frightened expressions. It was not long before several of them were taken, the largest being taken by preference, for they could help about the house and make themselves "gen'rally useful".

At last, there was but one child left, a small, flaxen-haired boy about six years old. There were tears in his wide, blue eyes, as he listened to the various remarks of the women. For the most part, these were expressions of pity, for his left arm hung loose and lifeless in his ragged sleeve, and his left leg was much thinner than his right. The little fellow clenched his fist, and, despite his efforts, hot tears coursed their way slowly down his grimy cheeks.

Oh, how he hated these old busybodies! How he wished they'd go away!

"What, my lad? Crying?" asked a kindly voice. The youngster raised his head and looked into the smiling face of Dr. Halpern, the town physician.

"Come, sonny, dry up your tears. You're coming home with me." And with that, he lifted the boy high in his arms and carried him to his little two-wheeled buggy. All the way home to the doctor's house the boy was silent, but many times did he glance with grateful eyes at the jovial man on the seat beside him.

The doctor's wife met them at the door with a motherly smile. Stout, red of face and short of stature, she appeared as fairy-godmother to the hungry boy. This impression was strengthened when she set a place for him at the plain but sumptuous dinner-table. Ah, what a feast for the poor little fellow! His meals at the home had consisted of black coffee and greasy doughnuts, and occasionally a dish of strong-smelling hash; and now, here he was, seated before a large helping of mashed potatoes, squash, celery, and beefsteak! Of course, he took everything in his hands, ignoring completely the shiny silver beside his plate; but it was not long before he could use his knife and fork as well as that pretty, dark-eyed girl, who always sat opposite him at the table.

Despite all the doctor's kindness and joviality, the little fellow was often very lonely. He would sit by the window in his room for hours at a time, watching the fellows playing in the neighboring field. How they could run! What fun they must have! And then he would sigh deeply as he looked down at his useless leg.

One day as he was sitting and meditating thus, he heard a soft step behind him. Looking up quickly, he saw the doctor's little daughter tiptoeing softly across the

room toward the place where he sat. He felt rather awkward as he stammered, "H-hello Wh-hat's your name?"

"My name's Martha. What's yours?" she asked, as she took a seat beside him.

"I haven't any," the little fellow replied sadly, "but the kids in the home called me Hoppy."

"Haven't any name?" cried Martha in amazement. "Then I'll call you Jack."

The boy muttered something in assent, and turned sadly again to look out of the window. Martha's gaze followed his, and then she slipped her little hand into his lifeless palm. At this, the boy turned quickly, and, seeing tears in her brown eyes, forgot his sorrow at once.

Many a day that would otherwise have been long for Jack, was made short and bright by Martha's company. As he grew older, he attended the town public school. He was unusually bright, and was popular among the teachers as well as among his classmates. In high school he found little difficulty in leading his class. But oh! How he wished he could play like the other fellows! He attended every football game, and it thrilled him to the heart to see a husky player racing down the chalked field with perfect control and whirlwind speed.

One evening after a hard-fought game, he was sitting in the library with an open book in his lap; but he could not study. His eyes were shut, and he smiled ruefully as he pictured himself crouching in the line, ready to buck his burly opponent. The doctor noticed this, and easily guessed why Jack was not studying. He looked at the lad's broad shoulders and square jaw. What a pity he could not use both of his legs! As he pondered thus, a thought dawned upon him, and he said, half aloud, "Why not try?"

"What's that?" queried Jack, laying his book aside and looking quizzically at the doctor.

"Oh, nothing, son," he hastily replied, turning again to his newspaper.

But it was far from being nothing, for at the end of three years, Jack found that he could use his once-paralyzed limbs with comparative ease and steadiness.

He entered college in the fall, and appeared on the football field when candidates were called for. He exerted such effort in his playing, that in a short time he was given a position on the scrub eleven.

The following week, the varsity team received a severe beating at the hands of the lowly scrub eleven. Jack, who had starred in the game, was given a trial on the varsity. He repeatedly checked offensive plays, and deftly received forward passes; and he soon found that he could hold his own at right end against the most experienced opponent.

Jack Halpern not only led his class as he had done at high school, but he was relied upon as one of the best linemen of the school.

In November, Jack sent a letter to the doctor asking him to come to the great Thanksgiving game. He told him to be sure to bring "Mom" and Martha.

Thanksgiving Day dawned clear and frosty, and as Jack dressed hurriedly, he thought of that Sunday morning so long ago, when the fatherly doctor had taken him home. He recalled the happy days he had spent with Martha. He looked at his left arm and leg, now as steady and muscular as his right. This was no ordinary Thanksgiving for him. Oh, how much he owed to these good people! They were

(Continued on Page 34)

A MESSAGE TO THE BOYS OF THE ENTERING CLASSES

By Hopkins, Manager of the Football Team

As a result of inspiring and tireless work on the part of Mr. Fitzgerald, a man who has become endeared to us, the hearts of every Latin School boy since his entrance into this school last year, and the dauntless courage of the players, the Football team of 1923 has had a fairly successful season thus far. Unless some unforeseen event takes place the team should be in the thick of the fight for the City Championship. The one great obstacle which looms up in the path of the team that can keep it from concluding a successful season is the failure of the boys on the entering classes to support it with the true Latin School spirit.

Every boy who has had the honor of attending this school for a year has felt a certain indescribable spirit rise up within him until it reached a point where it was almost uncontrollable. It is this indefinable spirit that wins so many victories for Latin School on the athletic field. It is also this same spirit that gives every boy that grim determination to do each day's task that is set before him, no matter how long or difficult it may be.

Have you, young men of the entering classes, felt this spirit yet? Look at your report cards. Does it show there? I have no doubt that in the majority of cases it does. Recall your support of the outside activities thus far this year. Does it show there? No, it does not. Our first home game with B. C. High School was not well supported by the members of the younger classes. In some rooms not more than fifteen per cent bought tickets for the game. The chief reason was probably the fact that our team did not have the good fortune to be successful in its first games. If you, dear school-mates, have really grasped the true Latin School spirit the one time in the entire season when you would have supported your team most heartily was when it was losing. Anyone can display enthusiasm when our team is winning; it is when it is losing that the real spirit shows itself.

Let me give you one excellent example of true Latin School spirit. On the twelfth of October our team journeyed to Brockton. As usual Brockton had a very heavy team, the type that plays a bruising game. As this game took place shortly before our important conflict with B. C. High; and also as the majority of our first team were not in the best physical condition, the coach did not think it a wise plan to start the first team. Therefore, on a holiday before an immense crowd, he sent the second team against the heavy first-string Brockton team. In this manner he sacrificed all personal glory for the benefit of the school. Several players were uncovered in this game who may be the making of the team before the final game. If Coach Fitzgerald had placed his own glory and honor above that of the school, these men might never have been discovered.

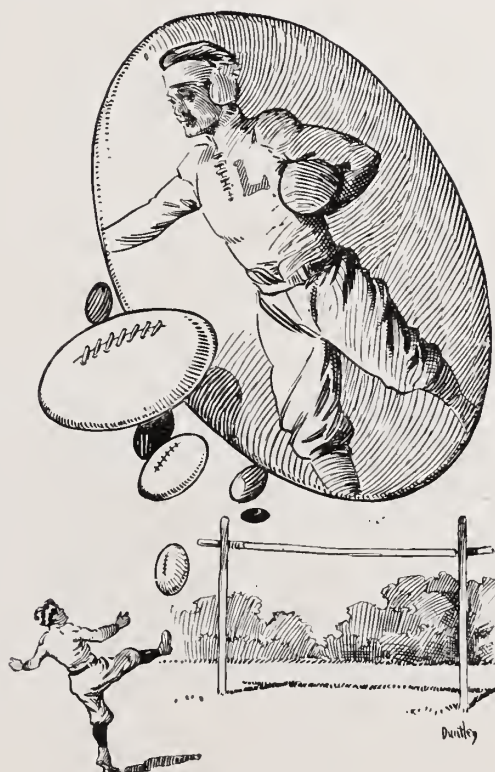
Fellow schoolmates, the season is drawing to a close. Let everyone try to grasp that wonderful spirit exemplified by our coach. You need not do it in the same manner; but by supporting the team to the utmost of your ability. Let us have one hundred per cent attendance at the English High School game, Thanksgiving morning. If our team has your whole hearted support, it is certain to end the season in a blaze of glory, for no team can resist our team encouraged by the true Latin School spirit of every fellow in school.

FOOTBALL

NEWS

and

NOTES



GROTON 6—LATIN 0

On Saturday, October 6, our team was defeated 6-0 by Groton School on the latter's gridiron at Groton. The team was without Stavros, who had broken his nose in a practice scrimmage. Curley, a candidate for end, got a broken collarbone shortly after the injury to Stavros, and he too will be lost for the remainder of the season.

Groton kicked off to John Sullivan, who ran the ball back to midfield. He wrenched his ankle and was forced to retire, giving way to Hammer. Garrity kicked immediately. The Groton back fumbled the ball, and it was recovered by Wells. Rushes by Hammer and Brine yielded a first down. The team seemed headed for a touchdown, but the hopes of the supporters sank when a pass evaded Brine's fingers and landed in the end zone. This gave the ball to Groton on their own twenty-

yard line, and they punted out of danger. Latin elected to play a kicking game and for the remainder of the period the Groton team did most of the rushing. Latin punting as soon as it received the ball.

At the beginning of the second period, Groton recovered a Latin fumble. After a few line bucks, a forward pass, Heard to West, made a great gain. Steady rushing brought the ball within scoring distance, where Heard went through centre for a touchdown. They failed to kick the goal. During this advance, Wells recovered a fumble, but the umpire ruled that the recovery had been made after the whistle had blown.

The beginning of the third period was largely a punting duel. Toward the end, however, Garrity got away to a forty-yard run, and once again the Latin team began a march. Here the period ended.

The short rest seemed to revive the Groton team and they held Latin for downs. They in turn started a march which was checked on our fifteen-yard line. With a minute to play, Latin resorted to forward passes, but to no avail. After four unsuccessful attempts, Groton again had the ball on our fifteen-yard line, but before any damage was done the whistle blew ending the game.

The summary:

The work of Lyons attracted the notice of everyone. This boy was playing his first game for Latin and it was largely through his work as defensive fullback that the Groton score was not larger. "Toot" Sullivan, Fusonie, and Dunn played well in the line. Gildea played his usual fine game but seems a little over anxious.

The summary:

<i>Latin</i>	<i>Groton</i>
Riley, re	le, (Hoppin, Bingham), West
Boles, rt	lt, (Maynard), Eustis
W. H. Sullivan, (Williams), rg	
	lg, (Cushing), Norton
Gildea, c	c, Stone
Fusonie, (Early), lt	
Bruen, (Driscoll)lg	rg, Parkinson
	rt, (Robinson), Faversham
Wells, (Goode), le	re, Hollister
Garrity, qb	qb, Heard
J. W. Sullivan, (Hammer), rhb	
	lhb, (Barney, Devans), Percival
Brine, (Mantle), lhb	
	rhb, (Lawrence), McGhee
Lyons, (Denvir), fb	fb, Penney
Touchdown: Heard. Referee: Sou-	
ders. Umpire: Zahner. Linesman:	
Cushing. Time: 8-min. periods.	
Score by periods	1 2 3 4 T
GROTON	0 6 0 0—6
LATIN	0 0 0 0—0
	* * *

BROCKTON 33—LATIN 0

Just before the start of the game

at Keith Field, Brockton, on Columbus Day, Mr. Fitzgerald decided to start the second team. The result was not very gratifying, but the wisdom of the action was seen in the result of the Boston College High game a week later. The boys who were selected did well, but could not be expected to hold the heavy Brockton team.

The first period had hardly started when Broderick and Roland carried the ball into scoring distance. Broderick then scored. The try for goal was missed. For the remainder of the period the play was about even.

Brockton made its second score in the second period. A bad pass to Dwyer was recovered by Brockton on our ten-yard line. Broderick took the ball for five yards, on the next two plays the Brockton backs were thrown for losses. On the last down Creedon scored a touchdown and later kicked the goal. In this quarter Lyons signaled for a fair catch, but was tackled. The fifteen-yard penalty, together with a few successful line plunges by Lyons and Denvir, made things interesting for Brockton for a while, but in the end their superior weight told and they held. The half ended with the score 13-0 against us.

In the third quarter, successful line bucks, a long run by Creedon, and a forward pass, Anderson to Creedon, resulted in the third touchdown. Creedon kicked the goal. After a few rushes and a forward, Dwyer to Mantle, Latin was forced to punt. The Brockton backs then carried the ball up the field for another touchdown, Roland carrying. Creedon missed this point.

Brockton's last score came in the last period. After an advance into Latin territory, Anderson threw a forward. Dwyer in an attempt to get the ball bumped the Brockton player. Referee

Allen ruled interference and gave Brockton the ball there. After a few rushes, Roland again scored. Creedon once more scored the extra point by placement.

The work of Lyons and Denvir was fine. Dwyer appears to be a "find" at quarterback. He compared very favorably with his far more experienced opponent, Anderson.

The summary:

<i>Latin</i>	<i>Brockton</i>
Wells, (Goode), re	
le, (Santaleoni), Sundstrom	
Driscoll, rt	lt, (Gifford), Eggar
Williams, rg	lg, (Cowgill), Holmberg
Parks, (Daniel, Hayes), c	c, Robinson
Feinberg, (Ovans, Early), lg	rg, Bryant
Bolas, (Hennessy, Parks), lt	rt, Batson
Reilly, (Wells, McDermott), re	
	re, (George), Walsh
Dwyer, qb	qb (Reinhart), Anderson
Winer, (Ryan), rhb	lhb, Creedon
Denvir, (Mantle), lhb	rhb, Broderick
Lyons, (Higgins), fb	fb, Roland

Score: Brockton 33, Latin 0. Touchdowns: Creedon 2, Roland 2, Broderick. Points after touchdown by placement: Creedon 3. Referee: Allen. Umpire: Ingalls. Linesman: Soude rs. Time: Four 10-min. periods.

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LATIN 7—B. C. H. S. 0

On Friday, October 19, the team defeated a heavier team from Boston College High School. All the newspapers before the game picked B. C. High to win, and it is rumored that those gentlemen who make their living by betting on the outcome of athletic contests were offering five to one on the Maroon and Old Gold. What a surprise the game must have been! The favorites made but one first down and that on a forward pass. They discovered early that it was useless to buck the line and confined their efforts to overhead play. They tried twenty-

three forwards, only three of which worked, and only one of them resulted in a gain, the other two being stopped on the line of scrimmage. The Latin backs, on the other hand, found the James Street line very easy to penetrate and a few times only the B. C. H. quarterback prevented a score.

B. C. High kicked to Goldman, who ran it back to the thirty-yard line. Garrity immediately kicked. The play for this quarter was mainly in the Latin territory, owing to the fact that Garrity was having trouble with his kicking. Once in the first period the B. C. H. S. team looked dangerous, a poor kick giving them the ball away down in our territory. They could do nothing, however, losing the ball on three line bucks and an incomplete forward. In this period Captain Fahey of B. C. High received a fracture of the arm. He played the game out, however, but as a result will probably be lost to their team for the rest of the season.

In the second period Latin began to show its power, making gain after gain. One forward from Dwyer to Hammer resulted in a good gain. As the period neared a close, Dwyer resorted to forward passes, but they were knocked down and finally one was intercepted. The period ended with the ball in Latin's possession at midfield.

Evidently the talk between the halves did the team good, for they went immediately to the business of getting a touchdown. Lyons received the kick-off and rushed it back to our 45-yard line. Here B. C. H. took the ball. As in the first half they found the Latin line like a stone wall.

On an attempted line buck, the Eagles fumbled and Capt. "Bud" Brine picked up the ball, sprinting 55 yards for a touchdown. Joe Hammer kicked the goal after touchdown by placement.

The similarity between this run of

by placement after touchdown: Hammer
Referee: A. J. Woodlock. Umpire: Thomas Scanlon. Linesman: Fred Lane. Time: Two 10 and two 8-min. periods.

* * *

At Civic Field, Norwood, October 27, the football team suffered defeat at the hands of Norwood High School, 20-0. The line which seemed to resemble a stone wall in the Boston College High game, suddenly appeared to fall to pieces. Every man in the line played a good individual game, but they seemed to have lost the power of working as a unit. Every game seems to render one more player unfit for further playing. The latest addition to Latin's long list of injuries is Joe Hammer. Joe suffered an injury to his hand in the B. C. High game and blood poisoning set in. The loss of Hammer was felt at Norwood.

At the beginning of the second quarter, Norwood started another advance which was terminated when Lyons recovered a fumble. After a few rushes Norwood again came into possession of the ball via a punt. Then once again the parade began. This time it was not stopped and it ended in Norwood's second touchdown, Dower being again the

The defensive work of the team was great, and no doubt the offense would have been much better had it not been for the bad footing.

Latin Boston College High
Hammer, le re, (Cadran, Hovarty), McCarthy
Fusonie, lt rt, Hood
Sullivan, lg rg, J. Swan
Gildea, c c, (Derzarno), Cavanaugh
Williams, (Bruen, Bowles), rg
lg, (Riley), McCloud
Dunn, rt lt, (Carline), MacSweeney
Brine, re le, Gemelli
Dwyer, (Garrity), qb
qb, (McCabe), Fahey
Goldman, (W. McDermott), lhb
rhh, (Mantle), Fitzgerald
Garrity— (Mantle), rhh
lhb (Kirk, Swift, Shannahan)
McMennimen
Lyons, fb fb, (McMennimen), F. Swan
Score: Latin 7, Boston College High
School 0. Touchdown: Brine. Goal

carrier. The point was allowed, although Gildea blocked the try, because of an off-side penalty. Latin again kicked off, Dwyer getting an exceptionally good kick. Norwood immediately punted. Shortly after Dwyer did likewise. The whole Latin team was down and the Norwood quarterback seeing a host of hostile red jerseys became nervous and dropped the punt. It was recovered by Jim Dunn. Here the half ended.

It was a new Latin team which ran on the field at the beginning of the second half. The positions of the first half were reversed. The Norwood team could not gain an inch and punted. Then the purple and white began the drive that brought them so near and yet so far from a touchdown. The drives of Garrity, Brine, and Lyons through the Norwood line could not be stopped. These plunges, together with two forward passes, one to Garrity and the other to Reilly, placed the ball inside Norwood's ten-yard line when the period ended. As in the Groton game when a similar situation arose, the Norwood team took heart during the brief rest and when the next quarter began they took the ball from us on downs. As their kicker was behind the goal line, they punted. Dwyer received the ball and again started the red clad team toward the natives' goal. This onslaught was stopped by a fumble by the usually reliable Lyons. Again the situations were reversed. The Latin team could not stop the rushes of the fast Norwood backs and a touchdown resulted, Dower doing the honors for the third. A forward to Flaherty scored the point. Just as the whistle blew Brine got away to a thirty-yard run, but in vain. It might be mentioned here that Norwood is one of that long list of schools that have Latin School men as coaches. Lyons, Brine, Reilly,

and Sullivan were the Latin stars. "Toot" received a kick in the head on the last play and had to be assisted from the field.

The summary:

<i>Latin</i>	<i>Norwood</i>
Reilly, le	re, MacLean
Rigby, (Driscoll, Parks), lt	rt, Bunny
Sullivan, (Early), lg	rg, Dixon
Gildea, (Daniel), c	c, Thomas
Williams, (Feinberg), rg	lg, Hanson
Dunn, rt	lt, McDonough
Brine, (Martin, McDermott), re	le, Allen
Dwyer, qb	qb, Drumme
Garrity, (Goode, Brine), lhb	rhb, Flaherty
Goldman, (W. McDermott, Mantle) lhb	lhb, Spierdowis
Lyons, fb	fb, Dower
Score.....	1 2 3 4 T
Norwood.....	6 7 0 7.20
Latin	0 0 0 0—0

Touchdowns: Dower 3. Points after touchdown: By forward, Flaherty; by off-side. Referee: "Doc" Mooney. Umpire: Murphy. Linesman: Drohan. Time: Four 10-min. periods.

* * *

COMMERCE 2—LATIN 0

As darkness descended over Braves Field, and the opposing players could be seen by the spectators only by the numbers on their backs, the Latin team had the ball on its own three-yard line. As the game had but a short time to go, all expected that Latin would kick out of danger, and the game would end in a scoreless tie. But! Quarterback Neale called for a forward pass, and Dwyer standing seven yards behind his line of scrimmage was tackled before he could get rid of the ball. The team played a great game but their fine work went to nought and the game was lost by an error in judgment at a critical time. "To err is human." But this one was costly.

Commerce kicked off to Latin, which was forced shortly after to punt. Commerce then ran a series of off-tackle plays rushing the ball to Latin's 35yard line. Here they were stopped. An attempted drop kick by Kilduff was blocked by Dunn, but Kilduff recovered. The period ended and the ball put at the opposite side of the field.

After a succession of punts, Commerce again had the ball on Latin's 30-yard line. Another Commerce kick was blocked, this time by "Toot" Sullivan but once again Commerce made the recovery. Just before the half ended, Kilduff fumbled a punt on his own forty-yard line. Dunn was right on hand and the ball was Latin's. One play brought the ball to the fifteen-yard line. With but time for one play Neale sent Lyons on an end run, but in spite of a valiant effort he failed to reach the goal line and the half was over.

At the beginning of the third quarter Latin kicked off. Commerce worked a number of forward passes in succession and put the ball well up in Latin's territory. Here they were stopped as in the first quarter. They played see-saw back and forth for the rest of the quarter.

When the third quarter was scarcely under way Aaron fumbled and Sullivan

recovered the ball. An exchange of punts followed and the Commerce team made another advance on forwards. Then Kilduff kicked. Neale caught the ball on the five-yard line and was dropped in his tracks. On the next play, Neale called for the forward, and Captain Connolly of the Commerce team tackled Dwyer behind the line of scrimmage for the safety and the game. It was then our ball on the thirty-yard line. J. W. Sullivan was sent in to throw forwards, but to no avail.

The work of Goldman at end, Gildea at center and Dunn and Sullivan were of the highest order.

The summary:

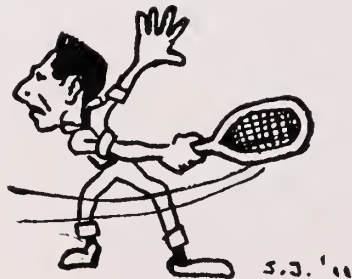
<i>Latin</i>	<i>Commerce</i>
Hammer, (Wells, Goldman), re	
le, (McCarthy, Ross), McManus	
Dunn, rt	lt, Corey
Early, (Williams, Bruen, Bolles), rg	
lg, (Carmichael), Kennan	
Gildea, c	c, Scott
W. H. Sullivan, lg	rg, Connolly
Fusonie, (Rigby), lt	rt, Kilroy
Goldman le	re, Buckley
Dwyer, (Neale), qb	qb, Kilduff
J. W. Sullivan, (Garrity), rhb	
lhb, J. M. Sullivan	
Brine, lhb	rhb, (Kimball), Hankard
Lyons, fb	fb, Aaron

Safety: Dwyer. Referee: Woodlock. Umpire: Mooney. Linesman: Crowley. Time: Four 10-min. periods.

Thurber, the winner of the fall tennis tournament, was chosen captain of the tennis team for this present year.

Markwett was appointed manager.

Good work, boys! Congratulations!





LOGIC IS LOGIC

Prof: "How much does a six-pound shell weigh?"

Stude: "I don't know."

Prof: "Well, when does the twelve o'clock train leave?"

Stude: "At twelve o'clock."

Prof: "Then how much does a six-pound shell weigh?"

Stude: "Twelve pounds."

* * *

IF

If kissing a Miss
is

Kissing a miss;
Are there any more blisses
in

Kissing a Mrs.

* * *

If a lamb gambols,
And you grab a lamb by the leg,
Would you be pinching a gamboling joint?

* * *

Suitor: "I'll give you a quarter if you'll get me a lock of your sister's hair."

Small Brother: "Make it a dollar, and I'll get you the whole bunch. I know where she hangs it."

YES, YES, GO ON

There was a youth who loved a maid,
His name was Alexander;
He wanted her to marry him—
A ring did Alex-hand-her.
And later they were truly wed
And when the folks the papers read,
Referring to the twain, they said:
"Why there goes Alex-and-her."

* * *

PRESENCE OF MIND

(Over the phone)

"Hello, hello! Is this you, Angus?"

"Aye."

"Is this Angus MacIntyre I'm speaking to?"

"Aye."

"Well, then listen, Mac, I'd like to borrow about fifteen dollars—"

"All right, when he comes in, I'll tell him."

* * *

Hy Johnson says his boy at college is making quite a success with his music. He's playing second base on the college nine.

* * *

The man who can guess a woman's age hadn't better.

Bill: "Who was this Nero?"

Jack: "Isn't that the fellow that was always cold?"

Bill: "No, that was Zero, another fellow altogether."

* * *

Pat: "What are you trying to do?"

Mike (with rope under his armpits): "I'm tired of living so I'm trying to commit suicide."

Pat: "Then why don't you put the rope around your neck?"

Mike: "I did that, and I found I couldn't breathe."

* * *

Never put off till to-morrow, what you can do just as well the day after.
—*Mark Twain.*

* * *

O-U-G-H

I'm taught p-l-o-u-g-h

S'all be pronounce "plow".

"Zat's easy w'en you know," I say,

"Mon Anglais, I'll get through!"

My teacher say zat in zat case

O-U-G-H is "oo"

And zen I laugh and say to him

"Zeez Anglais make me cough."

He say, "Not 'coo' but in zat word

O-U-G-H is 'off'."

Oh, Sacre bleu! such varied sounds

Of words make me hiccough!

He say, "Again mon frien' ees wrong;

O-u-g-h is 'up'

In hiccough." "No more," I zen cry,

"You make my t'roat feel rough."

"Non, non!" he cry, "you are not right

O-u-g-h is 'uff'

I say, "I try to spik your words

I cannot spik them though!"

In time you'll learn, but now you're wrong!

O-u-g-h is "owe"

I'll try no more, I s'all go mad

I'll drown me in ze bough.

—*Courtesy C. B. Loomis*

* * *

LOVE SONG

(*With apologies to Longfellow*)

By the shores of Cuticura,

By the shining Sunkist waters,

Lived the Prophylactic Chiclet,

Danderine, old Helmar's daughter.

She was loved by Instant Postum,

Son of Piedmont and Victrola,

Heir apparent to the Mazda

Of the tribe of Coca-Cola.

Through the forests strolled the lovers

Woods untrod by Ford or Saxon,

"Oh my lovely little Beechnut,"

Were the burning words of Postum.

"No Pyrene can quench the fire

Though I know you're still a miss

For my Pepsodent desire

Is to marry Chiclet, Djer-Kiss."

* * *

SASSAFRAS

Customer (to druggist): "I want some consecrated lye."

Druggist: "You mean concentrated lye?"

Customer: "It does nutmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulphur?"

Druggist: "Fifteen scents. I never cinnamon with so much wit."

Customer: "Yes, I'm strong for myrrh but yet ammonia novice at it."

* * *

Ma: "Tommy, what's the matter?"

Tom: "P-p-p-papa hit his finger with the hammer."

Ma: "Well you needn't cry at that. Laugh!"

Tom: "I did."

* * *

She: "Poor Harry has met a watery death."

He: "Did he get a cramp while swimming?"

She: "No, he fainted, and drowned in the water they spilled over him to bring him to."

* * *

She: "What do you think about?"

He: "Nothing at all!"

She: "Don't you even think of me?"

He: "Oh, all the time."

* * *

A SAD CASE

"That boarding-house waitress made me mad this morning. She says, 'Do you know how many waffles you have already eaten this morning?' I said I didn't, and she says, 'Twenty-six.' Well, that made me so mad, I got up and went to class without my breakfast."

* * *

Bill: "Why all the puffing?"

Sam: "I'm all tired out, there was a fight over there and I was running to stop it."

Bill: "Is that so, who's fighting?"

Sam: "Me and another guy".

* * *

Old Gentleman: "Don't cry little boy, you'll get your reward in the end."

Little Boy: "'Spose so, that's where I always get it."

* * *

A stranger in Milwaukee, seeing an Irishman at work in the street asked him the population of the town.

"Oh, about forty thousand," answered Mike.

"Forty thousand," said the stranger, "it must surely be more than that."

"Well," was the answer, "it wud be about two hundred and seventy-five thousand, if you count the Dutch."

* * *

Officer: "My good man, you'd better take the trolley car home."

Mike: "Sh'no ushe, my wife wouldn't let me keep it in the house."

"Hello, Rastus."

"Hello, Sambo."

"I hear you all is married."

"Yes, I'se married."

"That's good."

"No, that's bad."

"Why fo' is it bad, Rastus?"

"Because mah mother-in-law is living with us."

"Oh, that's bad."

"No, that's good."

"Why fo' is it good, Rastus?"

"Because we is living in her house."

"Oh, that's good."

"No, that's bad."

"Why fo' is it bad, Rastus?"

"Because her house done burned up on us."

"Oh, that's bad."

"No, that's good."

"Why fo' is it good, Rastus?"

"'Cause it done burned her up wif the house."

* * *

A PUZZLE

It has always been a puzzle to me,
What sailors sow when they plow the sea;
Does coffee go with the roll of a drum?
And why is a speaking likeness dumb?
What was it that made the window blind?

What picture is put in a frame of mind?
When a storm is brewing, what does it brew?

Does the foot of a mountain wear a shoe?
How long does it take to hatch a plot?
Has a school of herring a tutor or not?
Can you fasten a door with a lock of your hair?

Did a bitter wind ever bite you and where?

Who is it that paints the signs of the times?

Does the moon change quarters for nickels and dimes?

Can money be tight, when change is loose

Now, what in the name of thunder's

the use
Of going thru college and taking degrees
When we're posed by problems such as
these?

(Continued from page 6)

his team lose if he could help it. Making a flying tackle he just managed to grab the foot of the hopeful runner. He was down on Chester's eight-yard line. It was Corbin's ball. The stands thought it would be all over with Chester now. But how Chester held! Inspired by the encouragement of their great hero, Ed Randall, they smeared all Corbin's attempts at line plunges. Corbin then called for a drop-kick-formation. The fullback received the ball and set it straight over the goal posts.

The score was six to three at the beginning of the last quarter. Each team was primed for a last stand, Chester, to hold Corbin off, and Corbin, to score a touchdown. The teams could make but little headway, however, in each other's territory. With about four minutes to go Corbin resorted to its last hope, forward passes. Many were successful until finally they were within the shadows of the Chester goal posts and victory. With one minute to go the Corbin quarter-back shot a pass into the outstretched arms of his right end who eluded the whole Chester team except—a little fellow had been playing way back for Chester. Now was his chance. With a supreme effort Tommy grabbed hold of the ball carrier. The opposing end was very powerfully built and Tommy couldn't, no matter how hard he tried, throw him. He was dragged on, then with a great effort he lunged on the man's back. Then, everything turned to darkness.

* * * * *

Two hours later a tired boy raised his head from the cot in the hospital. Touching his head he felt it swathed in bandages. He gradually recalled the incident leading to his injury. The door opened. In came Dorothy accompanied by Philip Header. "Oh, Tommy," cried Dorothy, "wasn't it all won-der-ful."

"What!" cried Tom, "Who won?"

In answer to this Phil went to the window and raised it a little. The sound of singing and cheers came to Tom's ears. His face, though painful from the stitches in his forehead, settled into a smile. "Well, I guess I showed them who was too small."

(Continued from page 12)

ment, but they want to clap earlaps and sweaters on the poor baserunners in mid July heat.

The tramp's league will hold a reunion this March at New Orleans, La., at the Mardi Gras Festival. The influx of delegates is altogether incompatible with the number of tramps in this country and utterly appalling to the police authorities.

(Continued from page 15)

Harvard Memories, by Charles W. Eliot '49, president emeritus of Harvard, has just been published by the Harvard University Press.

* * * * *

Jimmy Merrill, '20, has been elected captain of the Harvard varsity track team. We wish him success.

(Continued on page 34)

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(Continued from page 21)

mother, father, and sister to him. Sister? Was she not more?

It had never appeared to him in that light before, and the thought remained with him all through the gruelling game of the afternoon.

His chance came in the last quarter.. A long forward was thrown to him, and, catching it on the run, he charged with furious speed down the field. A big, burly fellow made a lunge at him, caught him high, and was shaken off. There were only two opponents left in the play; one directly between him and the goal, and another racing to cut him off diagonally from the right. The fellow directly in front of Jack lowered his body slightly, and braced himself for the tackle. Jack side-stepped, shot out his powerful left arm, and the astonished tackler landed with a thud on the hard turf.

It was now a race between Jack and the fleet runner in the blue jersey! That fellow was within six yards of him now, and gaining every second. Jack increased his speed, but without avail. He felt, rather than saw his opponent bearing down on him. In another second he felt an impact that shook his whole frame, and staggering forward, he fell like a log, encompassed by powerful arms.

What a noise in the stands! Yes, it must have been a fine tackle, but —
‘Halpern! Halpern! Halper-r-rn!’

Jack lifted his grimy face and saw with a burst of joy that he had fallen just over the goal-line. As he got up, the fellow who had tackled him gave him his hand, and soon the whole team was gathered round him, clapping him on the back and shouting his name hoarsely.

But Jack seemed all unconscious of this, and his eyes were turned toward the stands. There, wrapped in great homespun overcoats were the doctor, “Mom”, and—and Martha. He looked at the doctor, and saw his kindly face beaming with satisfaction and pride. “Mom” wore an anxious expression as she strained her eyes toward the spot where “sonny” had been downed.

Then—Jack looked long at Martha, and read something in her soft brown eyes that made his manly heart skip a beat.

—Devlin

(Continued from page 32)

Frank Washburn Grinnell, '91, is now secretary of the Harvard Law School Association.

* * * * *

Harris P. Mosher, '88, formerly assistant professor of Laryngology at Harvard, has been promoted to a full professorship.

* * * * *

Professors James H. Woods '88 and William F. Osgood '82 are on the Administrative Board in the graduate school of Arts and Sciences of Harvard University. Professor Woods is also a member of the Faculty Committee on the Use of English by Students.

* * * * *

The wedding of Thomas Temple Pond '17 and Miss Virginia Deacon took place at Lawrence, Long Island, New York, on September 19, 1923.

* * * * *

We regret the death of Benjamin Humphrey Dorr '74, a short while ago, in the Hotel Charlesgate, at the age of 65. He was a retired member of the Boston Real Estate Exchange.

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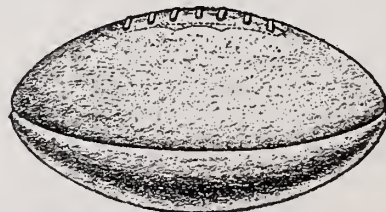
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